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CHAPTER VII.

Three weeks later, and a sullen peace had fallen over Toulon. Jean was still weak and emaclated from illness. From Greloire the boy had fheard-and with outspoken indignation-of General Bonaparte's departure, shortly after his own arrival at the convent, which had been turned into a hospital.

"He went away and left me!" Jean exclaimed angrily, the color suffusing his cheeks. "Left me, when I was not able to speak to him!'

He left a letter with Pere Huot, and a farewell message, which the good father will doubtless give you when he sees fit."

"Then why should not Pere Huot have told me so before?" demanded Jean, half rising from his seat beside the bed.

"Easy, mon ami; sit still," said Greloire, calmly. "Do not get excited, else I shall regret telling you anything about the affair. We have to remember that you have been very III." Tenderness showed in his tone, and he gently touched the thin hand resting on the coverlet.

Late in the afternoon of this same day, Pere Huot, sitting with Jean in the latter's room, had been informing him of what had transpired since the morning Murier brought him to the shelter and safety of his present abode.

He watched the boy's face carefully as he told him of Margot's burdat, and of Bonaparte's many visits to his bedside, where he lay tossing in delirium; and the good priest rejoiced within himself to see the look of dogged grief soften into one of sub-Aued gratification.

"My son, where is the box of papers Monsieur le Baron, thy father, intrusted to Margot for safe keeping?"

"The box of papers, Pere Huot," the boy repeated, as if trying to recall and re-read its words:

Jean, angry and reckless, exclaimed: "I'll be no hypocrite, nor pretend to what I cannot feel. I have hated Etienne all my life, and with good cause; and I will never say otherwise, now that he is dead. I would spurn any title or position that had been his -despise myself if ever again I lived beneath the roof who had sheltered one who spoke such dastardly words of my mother! I want to go over seas, away from France, away to the new world, and carve out a name for myself-gain fame and riches. I should

such a life as men pass here. The very thought of it is hateful to me." "Ah!" exclaimed the priest . "This comes from Laro's teachings."

die, like a wild bird in a cage, to live

"No, father-indeed no!" cried Jean. all the fire gone from his eyes. "I have always longed to live such a lifealways!"

"Always-all of thy very long life, Jean, my son?" said Pere Huot, a satirical smile touching his thin lips. The boy's face became crimson, and

he said nothing. "We have talked long enough for the present, my son," the priest added: "and now I will leave thee. Read General Bonaparte's letter; and may it bring thy mind to holding more worthy ideas of the future than those I have just heard from thee. And Jean, my son"-coming close to him, and laying a caressing hand on the wilful head-"I beseech thee, try and harbor kindlier feelings and more Christian-

like forgiveness for thy brother." He left the room, closing the door softly, and Jean sat staring out of the window, though the sun's rays now stole down to touch his brow. But. after musing a few seconds, he roused himself with a quick, nervous movement, and looked again at the letter. A moment later he broke its seal; and the thin paper seemed to pulse with his own heartbeats as he read



"I want to go over seas, away from France, and carve out a name for my-

something. "I cannot say; I do not |

"Know not where it is!" exclaimed the priest, with a marked change of bearing and tone. "How is this? What was done with it?"

The good priest spoke urgently, almost impatiently, leaning forward and looking fixedly into the boy's perplexed face.

"Burned, with the cottage," replied Jean.

"Know you not, my son, what this box contained?" inquired Pere Huot, looking the boy in the face and speaking sternly.

"Yes—some jewels and papers, what of them?"

"Those papers were the proof and vindication of thy birthright," declared the priest solemnly. "Thy mother's marriage certificate was amongst them; and the loss of this may make trouble for thee."

The boy's eyes now turned from the window to meet those of Pere Huot. "Did Marget tell thee, father, of all That befell the last night we passed at Manguedoc?"

"Yes, my son; and I have waited for a fitting time to speak to thee of the matter. General Bonaparte and myself talked of it as well; and I must say that thou were cruelly and needflessly angered and wounded. But I was grieved that thou shouldst have rbeen led to the act that so nearly made thee a murderer. As to thy brother, we must forgive the dead, even more freely than the living; and Etienne is now gone where he should have thy forgiveness in full."

He paused, and Jean turned in his chair to took at him questioningly. "Yes, thy brother is dead," he con-

tinued still more impressively. "I regret to tell thee that he was found guilty of a crime the Great Committee never forgives-that of treachery. While seeming to serve their cause, the sold its secrets to the English."

Jean's lips curled with scorn, but he made no spoken comment.

"Etienne now dead, thou, my son art heir to the title and estates, which, although declared confiscated, may yet be rescued and saved to thee, through the influence of thy friend, to eive thee this letter."

"Mon ami-mon cher ami De Soto-I am grieved to the heart that I must leave thee. But go I must, relieved by the assurance that I leave thee in loving hands, which must soon nurse thee back to that health I pray will always be thine. Pere Huot will tell thee of our plans for thy future. If I have thy love, do as the good father shall tell thee, and pray that we may soon meet in happy days. Let Greloire bring good news of thee, to rejoice the

"Pizarro." heart of thy As Jean's eyes lingered over the final word, he seemed to see the smile. half rallying-entirely tender, that was the invariable accompaniment of their playful naming of one another. He seemed to see it touch the firm lips, which, with the pale, grave face, imagination now brought vividly before

All this faded away, and, with a gulping sob, sounding like the cry of a lonely heart, the boy flung his head upon his arms, and lay silent.

New Orleans, and the night before New Year's day of 1795, saw the windows of the governor's house ablaze with light, and a constant stream of people coming and going through the wide-flung portals. Selected musicians from the fort played for the dancers in the ball room and entertained the large gathering of spectators outside, who looked through the open windows upon the flash of color and sparkle of gems, as the elite of the city and province celebrated the annual ball given by Don Francisco Louis Hector. Baron de Carondelet, Governor and Intendant of Louisiana and West Flor-

In an apartment opening from the ball room, several men, whose years or tastes made cards more attractive than dancing, were gathered about a table upon which gold and silver were stacked in miniature towers before the players, one of whom was saying. with an unconcealed sneer, directed at a tall, handsome man, who, clad in the British uniform, sat opposite, "M'sleur Stanley's hoard of gold promises to be

more than he can well carry away." "Why not pay more attention to your cards, De la Chalse, and prevent "General Bonaparte, who bade me tell | the pile increasing?" inquired a man thre this at the proper time, and also | at the little Frenchman's side—a man who greatly resembled Laro, captain | Press.

of the "Aigle," and erstwhile patron of Le Chein Heureux.

De la Chaise not answering, the other continued, with a malicious light now shining in the dark eyes fixed upon the Englishman's impassive face, Saw you the Count de Cazeneau this afternoon, may I ask, Captain Stanley?"

The latter encountered, and appeared to understand, the look of his questioner, and a steel-like glinting showed in his eyes as he replied, "That is an odd inquiry to make, Don Morales, inasmuch as I have to recall that I met you entering his house as I was leaving it.'

"Very true; so you did," admitted Laro (for he it was), "and I was wondering if you left the count in the same devilish humor as that in which I found him."

At this an angry red showed in the oath, he threw them upon the table, the room.

It was generally suspected that Captain Edward Stanley was one of the numerous worshipers of Count de Cazeneau's lovely daughter; and gossip had been unusually busy with their names during the present week, at the close of which the English officer, having concluded the mission upon which he had been sent to New Orleans, was to return to Mobile, where the garrison was composed equally of British and Spanish troops. It was also understood that Count de Cazeneau had no liking for the stalwart, calm-faced Englishman.

"Why did you try to prick him, Don Morales?" asked one of the players, a tall, spare man, with gray hair and heavy, overhanging eyebrows.

Don Morales laughed scornfully. "Because it is worth something to kindle a little fire in the cold blood of an English dog."

"But what is it all about?" inquired another of the party. "Don Morales but asked a simple question. What was there in it to justify any man, English or otherwise, calling for satisfaction?"

"Yes," added a young American of ficer, looking to be twenty-two or thereabouts, sitting beside Colonel Zachary; "what was there for him to get angry about, for angry he was at something? It couldn't have been his cards, for I looked at what he threw down."

"See here, Don," inquired the quickwitted ensign, who, although a recent widower, with a young boy, was-in secret-one of Roselle's adorers, "is it see Count de Cazeneau this afternoon, and that his asking for the daughter's hand aroused the old man's temper?"

A curious and not pleasant expression came to Don Morales' eyes, and the colonel said, now speaking someman's arm, "You are forgetting your a sacred matter as a lady's affairs."

Morales," now inquired De la Chaise | walls. that you sail for France in the morn ing? If so, I am of half a mind-yes. three-quarters-to ask you to let m€ take passage."

brusque reply, made while the speak Colonel Zachary, looking distinctly annoyed, remarked, "I was not aware Don Morales, that you kept the com munity informed as to your sailing hours and destination."

"I do not," replied Laro, with a quick, meaning glance, which the colo nel met with a slight smile. "But there seem to be those who know my ride with dignity on a caracolling business better than I know it my-

"When shall you be back here?" asked De la Chaise. "When my vessel reaches New Or

(To be continued.)

Story of Ganymede's Birth.

A professor in a Western college while giving an examination in myth ology in a country school, called upon a bright looking girl and asked the following question: "Who was Gany-

Promptly came the answer: "Gany mede was the son of Olympus and an eagle."

The class teacher blushed for her pupil and exclaimed, "Why, Elizabeth! Where did you learn that?"

"Indeed, it says so in the book," re plied the girl. The professor then asked the girl to

find the place and read the paragraph aloud, whereupon the class was both astonished and delighted to learn that Ganymede was berne to Olympus by an cagle.-Lippincott's Magazine.

Less Hunting in England.

From every quarter one hears of the decreased interest in hunting this season. The general want of money is only a partial explanation, for hunting can be done very inexpensively. To the disgust of enthusiastic masters of hounds, motoring, golf and other sports have arisen in the last few years, and set up a dangerous compe tition, for football has for some time descended in the social scale, and almost ceased to exist. Until lately there has been hardly any other winter sport for the country gentleman except shooting and hunting.-London

Unwritten Language.

Interested Father-"Did you tell her how sorry you were to leave her?" Son-"No, but I brought considerable pressure to bear on the subject-I think she understood."-Detroit Free

## IN TANGIER'S WALLS

PICTURE OF UNIQUE CITY OF THE FAITHFUL.

Humorous Sights, Interspersed With Wretchedness and Woe, Greet the Traveler on All Sides-Pedestrianism a Source of Peril.

(Special Correspondence.) For a brief hour on the forencon of the Sabbath, which is Friday, pious folk of Tangier leave the backbiting and chicanery of the bazaars and vanish silently within the portals of the mosque, over which, during divine service, flutters the red bandrol. The city is then seen in peaceful mood, a city of the dead; and the European may ride unchecked past stalls where officer's cheeks, and a gleam of wrath none trade, past wells where none in his eyes. But, without looking draw water. The shrill tongued "muezagain at Laro, he picked up his cards | zin" has proclaimed from the tall, and glanced at them; then, with an white minaret that Allah is the One God, and the slippered worshippers gathered his earnings and strode from have gathered their flowing robes

The beggars line the more fashionable thoroughfares, particularly on saints' days, in brigades. Miserable alms, so mean that the left hand would blush to know what the right hand has given, go a long way, and the Frank is able to cover himself shine to the pock-pitted face of some teur to the face of a professional beggar of Madrid.

dealt with by the headman. If he inbe very bored by the unasked advice rate he is free. The loafers, however, are almost as intolerable as when, in the capital of the world, you hail a passing conveyance and are instantly beset by an idle phalanx of guttersnipes and butcher boys.

Summary Methods of Trade.

The most remarkable aid to rapid



Moors of the Desert. (With tame lioness.)

about them and gone within, to pros- | barter is your government soldier. He trate themselves and to testify to the Attributes.

Within Guarded Walls.

Such an hour, ere all that humanity seethes back in the narrow alleys, should the stranger choose in which to spy out the land. His first surprise, if he is not hot-foot from Europe, will be the lack of suburbs. A hundred that you know or think he went to thousand Arabs, Berbers, Jews and hybrids, crowd, haggle, love or slay within the yellow girdle of the crumbled walls, yet just without the gates a five-minute canter brings us to the very desert. A little reflection will show, however, that the suburb, the what sternly as he touched the young cheap and vulgar suburb, is one of the doubtful prizes of security. London usual code, Tommy, to say nothing of straggles in gingerbread recrudesyour good sense. This is neither the cence out to Harrow; Paris throws time nor place to be discussing such her tentacles even to Versailles; but in a country like Morocco of old, men "Is it true, what I have heard, Don slept more securely within guarded

The Difficulties of Progression.

Within the city itself the European is most struck by the low arches "I carry no passengers," was the that span every other street, and by the absence of sidewalk or pavement. er was drawing in some winnings; and By the former he will, until he acquires the knack of a sudden stoop in the saddle, like the Comanche Indian threatened by a speeding arrow, be struck on the temple. Unless the standard of height has appreciably risen in both man and beast, the original architect of these ten-foot archways, beneath which you are expected to barb or ambling mule, either of them going fifteen hands, must have been Ishmael himself, his hand against his

The absence of sidewalk is the affair of those who have no beast, and the sight of a nervous pedestrian



Old Well.

wedged between a frisky horse and an advancing Indian file of camels is a joy to the horseman of artistic perceptions. The pungent odor of the ship of the desert has such instant effect on otherwise well conducted horses as to make them stand on their hind legs, paw the air, waltz, and generally conduct themselves as if they were the property of some beautiful equestrienne at the Hippodrome. Finally, the horse usually subsides on some skinny but voluble native, who promptly consigns it and its rider, with quite unnecessary fervor, to the warm hospitality of the Pit.

after having duly prayed that the merchant's father may burn, and that his grandfather may miss his footing on the bridge that lets true believers into paradise, but keeps out Jews, Nazarenes and dogs generally, applies the closure by resting the butt end of his musket affectionately in the pit of the hucksterer's stomach. This saves quite a dollar, besides valuable time, and answers admirably in Morocco as

Among the old landmarks and frankly, the least to be regretted, which the new regime will sweep away, are the lovely marble wells, the only ornament of streets on which, since the native ladies are, by imputa-

tion, frail, no window looks. Fair without, these wells are very foul within; and over one, where its loving architect proudly inscribed the words "Drink and look!" might better have been written, for the European depress. They take from man or womeye at any rate, the Neapolitan's an the power to do his or her best Look and die!" To the unacclimated palate, a draught from those depths would mean Lethe. Many a dead or dying dog and cat are hurled down into the echoing blackness by such sons of sorrow as, shaking the dust of the city off their slippered feet, can avenge themselves on the disturbers of their night's rest without further interest in the damaged purity of the water supply.

GLASS TOMBS OF HAWAII.

Night Travel Is a Nightmare in the Uncanny Lava Fields.

The home of Opunut stood at the frontier of Olli. Twice he started and turned back, vaguely wondering why a patch known since childhood should prove so confusing. Again he started, and this time kept on. The jungle waved, muttered and beckoned. The road became alive and undulated like the sea. Then came a blank till something tripped and threw him. He struggled to his feet, realizing his danger. The menace of the Hawaiian jungle at night is terrible and certain of fulfillment, for miles about the great volcano, the whole country is honeycombed by blow holes-crevices vast as council halls, or narrow as the grave, some gaping open to the air, others hid under vines and leavestraps for unwary feet, lying in wait for centuries, perhaps, till at the appointed time, another name is added to the long list of "missing." Had Opunul been in his sober senses, he would have lain still till daylight came to his rescue. As it was, fear smote him with panic. Frantically he tore at the drooping creepers, fought his way through tangled growths, struggled as the intertwined roots caught and clung-on, and on, madly, crying aloud for help on all the banished gods of

his race. Then the inevitable happened! There was a rending of rotten branches, a crash, high and tinkling, like breaking glass, as the thin lava crushed beneath his feet! For an instant the merciless forest rang with his scream of terror-then all was still!-Metropolitan Magazine.

Little Graft in Australia.

There does not seem to be much "graft" in Australia. All its public men who have died in recent years died poor. The late Sir George Dibbs, whose will was probated recently, left only about \$10,000.

Fund for Art.

It is stated that there will be a the furtherance of art.

ONE WAS NOT BORROWED.

Minister Given Due Credit for Concluding Phrase.

A parish clerk (who prided himself apon being well read), occupied nis seat below the old "three-decker" pulwith glory and bring transient sun- pit, and whenever a quotation or extract from the classics was introduced poor Arab with so small a coin as into the sermon, he, in an undertone, might bring a look of scrofulous hau- muttered its source-much to the annoyance of the preacher and amusement of the congregation. Despite all Of shopping as we know it the Eu- protests in private the thing continropean does none, for everything is ued, until one day, the vicar's patience brought to his garden, there to be being quite exhausted, he leaned over the pulpit side and impulsively evsists on visiting the bazaars he will claimed: "Drat you; shut up!" Imme diately-in the clerk's usual senten of loiterers. From pickpockets at any tious tone-came the reply, "His own." -T. P.'s Weekly.

Bogus Marriage Agencles.

The Austrian ministry of the Interior has deemed it worth while to issue a special warning against the numerous marriage bureaus which flourisn particularly in Berlin, and which find their dupes wherever German is spoken. They supply circulars with numbered pictures of women. In return for cash, the address of any one of these women is given, and if the writer receives no answer and sends a complaint to the agency he is simply informed that the woman didn't care for him or had made another match.

What She Means.

When a girl threatens to tell her mother when a man kisses her sho means that she would deny it even if her mother saw her.-New York Press.

"WHACKS"

And What They Mean.

When Old Mother Nature gives you "whack" remember "there's a reason," so try and say "thank you," then set about finding what you have done to demand the rebuke, and try and get back into line, for that's the happy place after all.

Curious how many highly organized people fail to appreciate and heed the first little, gentle "whacks" of the good old Dame, but go right along with the habit whatever it may be, that causes her disapproval. Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea or other unnatural treatment of the body, until gerious illness sets in or some chronic disease.

Some people seem to get on very well with those things for a while, and Mother Nature apparently cares but little what they do.

Perhaps she has no particular plans for them and thinks it little use to waste time in their training.

There are people, however, who seem to be selected by Nature to "do things." The old Mother expects them to carry out some department of her great work. A portion of these select ed ones oft and again seek to stimulate and then deaden the tool (the body) by some one or more of the drugs-Whiskey, Tobacco, Coffee

Tea, Morphine, etc. You know all of these throw down the same class of alkaloids in Chemical analysis. They stimulate and then

WOLK After these people have drugged for a time, they get a hint, or mild "whack" to remind them that they have work to do, a mission to perform, and should be about the business, but are loafing along the wayside and be come unfitted for the fame and for tune that waits for them if they but stick to the course and keep the body clear of obstructions so it can carry

out the behests of the mind. Sickness is a call to "come up higher." These hints come in various forms. It may be stomach trouble or bowels, heart, eyes, kidneys or general nervous prostration. You may depend upon it when a "whack" comes it's a warning to quit some abuse and do

the right and fair thing with the body. Perhaps it is coffee drinking that offends. That is one of the greatest causes of human disorder among Americans. Now, then, if Mother Nature is gen-

tle with you and only gives light, little "whacks" at first to attract attention, don't abuse her consideration, or she will soon hit you harder, sure. And you may be sure she will hit you very, very hard if you insist on

following the way you have been go-It seems hard work to give up a

habit, and we try all sorts of plans to charge our ill feelings to some other cause than the real one.

Coffee drinkers when ill will attribute the trouble to bad food, malaria. overwork and what not, but they keep on being sick and gradually getting worse until they are finally forced to quit entirely, even the "only one cup a day." Then they begin to get better, and unless they have gone long enough to set up some fixed organic disease, they generally get entire.y well.

It is easy to quit coffee at once and for all, by having well made Postum, with its rich, deep seal brown color which comes to the beautiful golden brown when good cream is added, and the crisp snap of good, mild Java is there if the Postum has been boiled long enough to uring it out.

It pays to be well and happy for good old Mother Nature then sends us her blessings of many and various kinds and helps us to gain fame and

fortune. Strip off the handicaps, leave out the deadening habits, heed Mother Nature's hints, quit being a loser and become a winner. She will help you sure if you cut out the things that keep you back.

"There's a reason" and a profound

surplus of \$190,000 from the Glasgow | Look in each package for a copy of exhibitions, which will be devoted to the famous little book, "The Road to the furtherance of art.